

Touch and Go

Peter Hammill

Between the light and the shadow, out of the corner of my eye I
saw your feathers all ruffled, anticipating the sky.... You've
got no reason to stay, day by day your impatience has grown. I
'm caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, I know. I'm
reaching out but we are touch and go.

Making a meal of the moment I might cook up a story or two, but
the dish of the day's getting colder and I know that, pretty s
oon, you'll pick up your bed and walk, open your wings and fly
away from me across the leaden, hammer-
headed sky while I can't breathe a word, no matter how I try.

So scared it shows that we are touch and go.

I never brought myself to tell you how you kept all my demons a
t bay but my silence came out as indifference and now my diffid
ence has driven you away. You'll be the one with the wings, I'm
going down in flames, still mouthing out the mystery, my angel
, of your name. How touch and go our tenderness became.

(So scared to show I know we're touch and go)

So touch and go, so much I can't explain.

(So much is unexplained.)